



university of alberta department of music

in recital

SANDRA BABEL, soprano

and

JANE O'DEA, piano

Thursday, April 24, 1986 at 8:00 p.m.

Arie (Rondo) des Amintas "IL RE PASTORE"  
K.V. 208, No. 10 (1775)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Anne Kenway, violin

L'invitation au Voyage  
(c.Baudelaire) (1870)

Henri Duparc  
(1848-1933)

Chanson Triste (H. Cazalis) (1868)

La Vie Antérieure (Baudelaire) (1884)

Elégie (T. Moore) (1874)

PAUSE

Sieben Frühe Lieder (1905-8)

Alban Berg  
(1855-1935)

Nacht (C. Hauptman)

Schilflied (N. Lenau)

Die Nachtigall (T. Storm)

Traumgekrönt (R.M. Rilke)

Im Zimmer (J. Schlaf)

Liebesode (O. E. Hartleben)

Sommertage (P. Hohenberg)

PAUSE

On This Island (W. H. Auden) (1937)

Benjamin Britten  
(1913-1976)

Let The Florid Music Praise!

Now The Leaves Are Falling Fast

Seascape

Nocturne

As It Is Plenty

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements  
for the Master of Music degree for Ms. Babel.

convocation hall, old arts building

Arie (Rondo) des Amintas IL RE PASTORE

L'amero, sarò costante  
Fido sposo, e fido amante  
Sol per lei sospirerò!  
In sì caro, e dolce ogetto  
La mia gioia, il mio diletto  
La mia pace io troverò

You will I love I will be constant  
Faithful spouse and faithful lover  
Only for you will I sigh  
In one so dear and so sweet an object  
My joy my delight  
my peace I will find

Taken from Schoep and Harris, Word by Word Translations of Songs and Arias, II.

N.J.: Scarecrow Press, 1972

Henri Duparc

It is certainly unique in musical history for a composer to win international fame with an output of fourteen songs only--yet such is the case of Henri Duparc, who was born in Paris in 1848, three years after Fauré. Duparc wrote these fourteen songs in sixteen years, between the ages of twenty and thirty-seven; he died in 1933, having lived for another forty-eight years without producing a single note of music.

L'Invitation au Voyage (Invitation to a Journey)

Mon enfant, ma soeur,  
Songe à la douceur  
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!  
Aimer à loisir,  
Aimer et mourir  
Au pays qui te ressemble!  
Les soleils mouillés  
De ces ciels brouillés  
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes  
Si mystérieux  
Des tes traites yeux  
Brilliant à travers leurs larmes.

My child, my sister  
dream of the sweetness  
of going yonder to live together!  
To love at leisure,  
To love and to die  
in a country that resembles you!  
The humid suns  
of the hazy skies  
have for my spirit the charm  
so mysterious  
of your betraying eyes  
shining through their tears.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,  
Luxe, calme et volupté.

There, all is order and beauty,  
luxuriousness, calm and sensuous delight.

Vois sur ces canaux  
Dormir ces vaisseaux  
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;  
C'est pour assouvir  
Ton moindre désir  
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.

See on these canals  
these sleeping ships  
whose nature is to roam;  
it is to fulfil  
your least desire  
that they come from the ends of the earth.

Les soleils couchants  
Revêtent les champs,

The setting suns  
invest the fields,

Les canaux, la ville entière.  
D'hyacinthe et d'or;  
Le monde s'endort  
Dans une chaude lumière!

the canals, the whole town.  
with hyacinth and gold  
the world falls asleep  
in a warm light!

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,  
Luxe, calme et volupté.

There, all is order and beauty,  
luxuriousness, calm and sensuous delight.

Charles Baudelaire



### Chanson Triste (Sorrowful Song)

Dans ton coeur dort un clair de lune,  
Un doux clair de lune d'été,  
Et pour fuir la vie importune  
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,  
Mon amour, quand tu berceras  
Mon triste coeur et mes pensées,  
Dans les calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade  
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,  
Et lui diras une ballade  
Qui semblera parler de nous.

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,  
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai  
Tant de baisers et de tendresses  
Que, peut-être, je guérirai...

Jean Lahor

### La Vie Antérieure (The Former Life)

J'ai longtemps habité sous de vastes  
portiques  
Que les soleils marins teignaient de  
mille feux,  
Et que leurs grands piliers, droits et  
majestueux,  
Rendaient pareils, le soir, aux  
grottes basaltiques

Les houles, en roulant les images des  
cieux,  
Mêlaient d'une façon solennelle et  
mystique

Les tout-puissants accords de leur  
riche musique  
Aux couleurs du couchant reflété  
par mes yeux.

C'est là que j'ai vécu dans les voluptés  
calmes,  
Au milieu de l'azur, des vagues, des  
splendeurs  
Et des esclaves nus tout imprégnés  
d'odeurs,

Qui me rafraîchissaient le front  
avec des palmes.  
Et dont l'unique soin était d'approfondir  
Le secret douloureux qui me faisait  
languir.

Charles Baudelaire

In your heart moonlight sleeps,  
gentle summer moonlight,  
and to escape from the stress of life  
I will drown myself in your radiance.

I will forget past sorrows,  
my love, when you cradle  
my sad heart and my thoughts  
in the loving peacefulness of your arms.

You will take my aching head  
Oh! sometimes upon your knee,  
and will relate a ballad  
that seems to speak of ourselves.

And in your eyes full of sorrows,  
in your eyes then I will drink  
so deeply of kisses and of tenderness  
that, perhaps, I shall be healed...

For a long time I dwelt beneath vast  
porticoes  
coloured by the marine suns with a thousand  
thousand fires,  
whose great columns, straight and  
majestic,  
resembled, at evening, basaltic  
grottoes.

The surging waves, rolling the  
mirrored skies,  
mingled in a solemn and mystical  
way

the mighty harmonies of their  
sonorous music  
with the colours of the sunset  
reflected in my eyes.

It is there that I lived in the calm  
delight of the senses,  
surrounded by the azure skies, the  
waves, the splendours,  
and the naked slaves, imbued with  
fragrant essences,

who cooled my brow with waving  
palms.  
and whose sole care was to deepen  
the sorrowful secret that made me  
languish.

Élégie (Elegy on the Death of Robert Emmet)

Oh! ne murmurez pas son nom! qu'il  
dorme dans l'ombre,  
Où froide et sans honneur repose sa  
dépouille

Muettes, tristes, glacées, tombent nos  
larmes  
Comme la rosée de la nuit qui sur sa  
tête humecte le gazon.

Mais la rosée de la nuit, bien qu'elle  
pleure en silence,

Fera briller la verdure sur  
sa couche,  
Et nos larmes, en secret  
repandues,.  
Conserveront sa mémoire fraîche et  
verte dans nos coeurs.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep  
in the shade,  
Where cold and unhonour'd his  
relics are laid.

Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears  
that we shed,  
As the night-dew that falls on the  
grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though  
in silence it weeps,

Shall brighten with verdure the grave  
where he sleeps,  
And the tear that we shed, though in  
secret it rolls,  
Shall long keep his memory green in  
our souls.

Thomas Moore

(It was my father who taught me to receive the gift of music as the glimpse of the eternal joy he is now experiencing. Tonight, Élégie is performed in his beautiful memory. Sandra)

Notes and translations taken from Pierre Bernac's The Interpretation of French Song. London: Victor Gollanez Ltd, 1976.

Berg's Seven Early Songs

Alban Berg enjoyed recognition for his music during his lifetime and is still more widely performed than his contemporaries Schoenberg and Webern. The success of his opera Wozzeck (premiered in 1925) resulted in his financial security. It has often been said that Berg's music is more accessible than Schoenberg's or Webern's because of his ability to infuse tonal elements into an "atonal" idiom--his style is characterized by a striking lyricism which contributes greatly to its appeal.

The Seven Early Songs were composed between 1905 and 1908 while he was still studying with Schoenberg. In 1928 he revised and orchestrated the songs, publishing the piano-vocal version. Although the orchestral score was completed and performed in November, 1928, it was not published until 1969.

The songs represent a variety of tonal languages: "Nachtigall" and "Im Zimmer" clearly reveal common-practice harmonic origins, while the others are written in a highly chromatic idiom. Within this latter group Berg gradually moves away from the common-practice tonal language, using an increased chromatic vocabulary. Unfortunately for the listener, the order of publication (hence, the inevitable order of performance) does not correspond to this order of increased complexity. The following is a possible order of performance which would make this audible for the listener: "Im Zimmer," "Nachtigall," "Liebesode," "Traumgekrönt," "Schilflied," "Sommertage," "Nacht."

Lori Burns



### Nacht (Night)

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal,  
Nebel schweben,  
Wasser rauschen sacht.

Nun entschleiert sich's mit einemmal;  
O gib acht! Gib acht!  
Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan.  
Silbern ragen Berge traumhaft gross,  
still Pfade silberlicht  
talan aus verborgnem Schloss;  
und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein.

Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht  
schatten schwarz,  
ein Hauch vom fernen Hain  
einsam leise weht.

Und aus tiefen Grundes Dürsterheit  
blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.  
Trinke Seele! Trinke Einsamkeit!  
O gib acht! Gib acht!

Carl Hauptmann

### Schilflied (Song of the Reeds)

Auf geheimem Waldespfade  
schleich'ich gern in Abendschein  
an das öde Schilfgestade,  
Mädchen, und gedenke dein.

Wenn sich dann der Busch verdüstert  
rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll,  
und es klaget und es flüstert,  
dass ich weinen, weinen soll.

Und ich mein', ich höre wehen  
leise deiner Stimme Klang,  
und im Weiher untergehen  
deinen lieblichen Gesang.

Nikolaus Lenau

### Die Nachtigall (The Nightingale)

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall  
die ganze Nacht gesungen;  
da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,  
da sind in Hall und Wiederhall  
die Rosen aufgesprungen.

Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut;  
nun geht sie tief in Sinnen,  
trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut  
und duldet still der Sonne Glut,  
und weiss nicht, was beginnen.

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall  
die ganze Nacht gesungen;  
da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,  
da sind in Hall und Wiederhall  
die Rosen aufgesprungen.

Theodor Storm

The clouds dawn over night and valley,  
mists suspended,  
waters gently rush.

Now it is unveiled suddenly  
Oh look out, look out!  
The wide wonderland is opened  
Silvery mountains project as tall as dreams,  
silent silver paths lead uphill  
out of a hidden castle;  
and the noble world is so dreamlike pure.

The silent beechtree stands at the path  
as a shadow,  
a breath of the distant lonely wood  
flutters faintly.

And from the deep gloomy ground  
lights sparkle in the silent night.  
Drink soul! Drink loneliness!  
Oh look out, look out!

Along secret forest paths  
I gladly prowl in the evening light  
to the desolate reedy shore,  
sweet girl, and think of you.

When the brush darkens  
the reeds rustle mysteriously  
and it laments, and it whispers  
that I should weep, weep.

And I think I hear fluttering  
the faint sound of your voice  
and in the pond sinks  
your beautiful singing.

That's why the nightingale  
has sung the whole night;  
there from its sweet sounds  
there in sound and resonance  
the roses sprang forth.

Yet she was otherwise a wild blood;  
now she goes deeply in thought  
carrying in her hand her summer hat  
and enduring quietly the sun's warmth,  
and knowing not what commences.

That's why the nightingale  
has sung the whole night;  
there from its sweet sounds  
there in sound and resonance  
the roses sprang forth.



### Traumgekrönt (Crown of Dreams)

Das war der Tag der weissen Chrysanthemen  
mir bangte fast vor seiner Pracht...  
Und dann, dann kamst du mir die Seele  
nehmen tief in der Nacht.

Mir war so band und du kamst lieb und leise,  
ich hatte grad in Traum an dich gedacht.  
Du kamst, und leis' wie eine Märchenweise  
erklang die Nacht.

Rainer Maria Rilke

That was the day of the white chrysanthemums,  
I almost dreaded their splendour  
and then, then you came to take my soul  
deep in the night.

I was afraid, and you came dearly and softly  
As I had imagined in dreams.  
You came, and softly like a fairytale  
the night started to sound.

### Im Zimmer (Indoors)

Herbstsonnenschein.  
Der liebe Abend blickt so still  
herein.  
Ein Feuerlein rot  
knistert in Ofenloch und loht.  
So! Mein Kopf auf deinen Knien,  
so ist mir gut.  
Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht,  
wie leise die Minuten zieh'n.

Johannes Schalf

Autumn sunshine.  
The lovely evening looks into the room so  
quietly.  
A little red fire  
is crackling in the fireplace.  
So! My head on you knees,  
so all is well with me.  
When my eye rests in yours,  
how softly the minutes pass.

### Liebesode (Ode to Love)

In Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein.  
Am offenen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind,  
und unsrer Atemzüge Frieden trug er hinaus  
in die helle Mondnacht.  
Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend sich  
ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett  
und gab uns wundervolle Taime,  
Traume des Rausches,  
so reich an Sehnsucht.

Otto Erich Hartleben

In the arms of love we fell asleep in bliss.  
At the open window the summer wind listened,  
and carried the peace of our breath outside  
into the clear moonlit night.  
And out of the garden a fragrance of roses  
heartedly found its way into our love bed  
and gave us wonderful dreams,  
dreams of intoxication  
so rich in ardent desire.

### Sommertage (Summer Days)

Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt,  
gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit.  
Im Sommerwind verweht die Zeit.

Nun windet nächtens der Herr Sternenkranze  
mit seliger Hand über Wander-und  
Wunderland.

O Herz, was kann in diesen Tagen  
dein hellstes Wanderlied dem sagen  
von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust:

Im Wiesensang verstummt die Brust,  
nun schweigt das Wort,  
wo Bild und Bild zu dir zieht  
und dich ganz erfüllt.

Paul Hohenberg

Now the days float across the world  
having been sent from blue eternity,  
in the summer wind time scatters.

At night the Lord, with his blessed hand,  
wreaths stars over the world of wander-paths  
and wonder-paths.

Oh heart, in these days, what can your lightest  
song of travel say of your deep, deep desires.

In the songs of meadows the breast is silent,  
then the word is silent,  
where picture after picture comes to you  
and completely fills you.



## "ON THIS ISLAND"

When W.H. Auden began the musical collaboration with Benjamin Britten which was to last from 1935 to 1942, he was the bright young man of his generation of English poets. Born in 1907 to professional class parents (his father was the Medical Officer for Birmingham, chief city of the industrial midlands) Auden followed the fairly conventional path of the upper middle class Englishman: five years in public school in Norfolk, three years at Oxford, a year abroad in Europe, and five years as a schoolmaster in the kinds of school that used to be called 'academies for gentleman.' During this time he had been gathering around him a coterie of the brightest young writers of his generation: Stephen Spender, Christopher Isherwood, Cecil Day-Lewis, Louis MacNiece. By the time of the publication of **Look Stranger!** (1936), the volume from which Britten took most of the material for the song cycle **On this Island** (1937), Auden had led himself and his coterie through a variety of the current concerns of the day, notably communism and psychoanalysis. In **Look Stranger!** (**On this Island** is the title of the American edition) Auden is engaging in a slow return to more traditional concerns: a love for country and a barely emergent return to Christianity. Thus the poems Britten used for **On this Island** betray a fascinating, if not always immediately comprehensible mixture of thematic elements.

"Let the Florid Music Praise" is an essentially ambiguous testament to the power of beauty. In the first stanza the lover celebrates the beauty of the beloved, using the metaphor of war to convey beauty's appropriation of the beloved's face. The second stanza continues the metaphor, but in a different way; the lover now envisages the army of the "unloved" retaking the stronghold which beauty had conquered. The "secretive children" of this army are the negative components of love, the dark side of the lover's personality envisioned by psychoanalysis, which time inevitably brings to the fore.

"Now the Leaves Are Falling Fast" creates a vivid picture of an emotional repression which originally enforced by childhood nurses, then by "whisp'ring neighbours," and then extends into the political realm with a startlingly prescient image of the Nazi state. In such a world, transcendence (represented by Keats's nightingale and the angel) is unavailable, except for the "white waterfall" of the imagination, imaged as a lovely but impossibly distant mountain.

"Seascape" returns the "stranger," the lover alienated from his beloved by his recognition of his dark side, the poet alienated from his emotionally repressive environment, to a recognition of the timeless value of the land on which he stands, imaged in the most typical of images of England, the white chalk cliffs. In the first stanza, stranger and land are united as the metaphors that describe them intertwine (the "channels" of the ear and of the river). In the second and third stanzas there is only the most delicate of suggestions, in the references to the "pluck/and knock of the tide" and the "urgent voluntary errands" of the ships, of that which may disturb this peaceful union of poet and land.

"Nocturne" is the odd man out in the song cycle, since it comes not from **Look Stranger!** but from Auden's play, **The Dog Beneath the Skin** (1935). This poem, which is, in fact, the chorus which concludes Act Two of the play, has essentially the form of a blessing, or benediction on the hero, whose trials and tribulations (mentioned specifically in the last section of the poem), are now seen in the wider scope of the whole world. From this perspective, rich and poor, losers and winners can change places as easily as the day can change into night. The poem thus suggests a movement from the political and pessimistic preoccupations of the other songs into a larger and more tranquil realm.

"As It Is, Plenty" returns to the political mode with a vengeance. The poem is a satirical adjuration to the bourgeois to rejoice in his material success, lest he see the "loss" that this success really represents. There is nothing very subtle about this poem, with its sharp and obvious commentary, although it does provide various hints (through the echoes of the psalms, the reference to "sins venal") of the movement towards Christianity which was to become more obvious in Auden's work after his departure for the United States in 1939.

Chris Bullock, April 1986



ON THIS ISLAND

Let the Florid Music Praise

Let the florid music praise  
The flute and the trumpet  
beauty's conquest of your face  
In that land of flesh and bone  
Where from citadels on high  
Her imperial standards fly  
Let the hot sun shine on  
Oh, but the unloved have had power  
The weeping and striking  
Always, time will bring their hour  
Their secretive children walk  
Through their vigilance of breath  
To unpardonable death  
And my vows break before his look.

Now the Leaves Are Falling Fast

Now the leaves are falling fast  
Nurse's flowers will not last  
Nurse's to the graves are gone  
And the prams go rolling on.

Whispering neighbors left and right  
Pluck us from the real delight  
And the active hands must freeze  
Lonely on the separate knees

Dead in hundreds at the back  
follow wooden in our track  
Arms raised stiffly to reprove  
In false attitudes of love

Starving through the leafless wood  
Trolls run scolding for their food  
And the nightingale is dumb  
And the angel will not come

Cold, impossible, ahead lifts the mountains lovely head  
whose white waterfall could bless travellers in their last distress.

Seascape

Look stranger at this island now  
The leaping light for your delight discovers  
Stand stable here and silent be  
That through the channel of your ear may wander like a river.  
The swaying sound of the sea.

Here at the small fields ending pause  
Where the chalk wall falls to the foam  
And its tall ledges oppose the pluck and knock of the tide  
And the shingle scrambles after the sucking surf,  
And the gull lodges a moment on its sheer side.

Far off like floating seeds the ships  
Diverge on urgent voluntary errands  
And the full view indeed may enter  
And move in memories as now these clouds do  
That pass the harbor mirror



### Nocturne

Now through the nights caressing grip  
Earth and all her oceans slip  
Capes of China slide away  
From her fingers into day  
And the America's incline  
Coasts toward her shadow line

Now the ragged vagrents creep  
Into crooked holes to sleep  
Just and unjust, worst and best  
Change their places as they rest  
Awkward lovers lie in fields  
Where disdainful beauty yields  
while the splendid and the proud  
Naked stand before the crowd  
And the losing gambler gains  
and the beggar entertains

May sleeps healing power extend  
Through these hours to our friend  
Unpursued by hostile force  
Traction engine bull or horse  
or revolting succubus.

Calmly `till the morning break  
Let him lie than quickly wake.

### As It Is Plenty

As it is plenty, as it's admitted  
The children happy and the car  
The car that goes so far and the wife devoted  
To this as it is  
To the work and the banks  
Let his thinning hair and his h  uteur give thanks

All that was thought, as like as not is not  
When nothing was enough but love  
But love and the rough future  
Of an intransigent nature  
And the betraying smile, betraying, but a smile  
That that is not is not forget, forget, forget.

Let him not cease to praise, then his spacious days  
Yes and the success let him bless, let him bless  
let him see in this the profits larger  
And the sins venal,  
Lest he see it as it is the loss as major and final, final, final.



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Jane O'Dea

Diana Wiens  
Harold Wiens

Everyone is cordially invited to a reception at the Wiens' home, 11428-38th Avenue.  
(Right by the Greenfield Baptist Church)







